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# Sentences

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## SENTENCES

These are sentences that have meant the most to me:  
we were on our way to the mountains,  
space presented itself every quarter mile like a joke  
whose punchline is soap,  
actually that's a lie, as though  
we were thinking of late season snow,  
by 11:00 it's time to head for the lodge,  
a little slushy in the meadow  
but crunches under the aspen;

Bob says that's impossible  
and holds up an Indian to prove his point,  
you are overly dependent on tonic  
and dominant relations,  
you are an advertisement for tyres, he says  
and for days you concoct a response  
that does not refer to the Alps;

in another life the surface ripples,  
in Salinas we collect stuffed frogs,  
salt shakers of Quakers  
and old oil cans, "And this here  
my good woman, is the Monitor Top"  
"Anyhow, his Tires are just like mine!"  
"Surprisingly brings new combined results,"  
another sentence is the one about prayer,  
I forget which one;

capital provides you with access  
to gizmos you can climb under  
and inspect, a faint breeze  
of incompleteness waves from the lake  
where the truly resentful have set up camp,

“Critical Eyes are sizing you up right now,”  
“Husband always ate in town; Tasteless  
‘bargain bread’ was to blame,”  
hand me that yellow wrench  
is an imperative you can use  
to club these appeals to your better nature  
into submission;

I’m not certain what these italics mean  
but we listen more closely,  
occasionally prose creeps into my language  
and we register surprise at the right margin  
which extends far into the night  
like the voice of a bilquist, partly me  
and partly one you can’t anticipate,  
the effect of death  
is one of its appeals;

these intrusions could have been prevented  
by a dog or alarm system but you were barricaded  
behind books, “Unexpected Surprise  
That Betrayed the Grave Robber”  
“How the Savior Really Looked”;  
I move between those that others write  
and those that form themselves around bolts  
of air coming through the window  
there are wheels on the chair that make this possible,  
I scoot, therefore I think;

mobility is not just a juvenile aspiration  
but a downright adjustment  
us older folks . . . and then the medley  
from Kismet, studs stuck in the drier  
Mom crunching on mints, an entire generation  
raised on war:  
give me a good example  
of a bad poem;

what's missing is the inflection, eyes  
raised slightly above the crowd  
nervous fidget with the moustache, adjusts  
bra the audience nods  
and produces a ripple of approval  
at grandpa back in the mangrove,  
give me a bad example  
of a mangrove  
and I'll show you a good sentence;

when the television first arrived  
I was in traction  
and Uncle Bob was in drag  
the next time we invited it for dinner  
and it stayed, imitating the rosewood highboy  
spouting towns above the 38th parallel, it said  
breath was bad  
scum was round  
it gave me an example of hair  
that I retain to this day;

the voice was one of our finest products  
conceived in labs  
and perfected on children wearing sunglasses,  
see this butterfly it looks like a smudge  
or small vagina,  
later I bought a Webcor  
and spoke to myself beneath the covers  
in the voice of Audie Murphy  
"This worker scorned Safety Goggles"  
"The Tragedy of Domestic Hands,"  
without one of these  
people mistake you for someone else.